Why do fools fall in love? by BarrioBabe

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: Alternate Universe, Alternate Universe - 1960s, F/M, Hippie! Steve is my everything tbh, I should be studying for my macroeconomics AP but oh well, This is my first thing pls tell me if u like it my peeps
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Summary:

It's the 1967 Summer of Love and a newly graduated Nancy Wheeler is in San-Fransico looking at schools and for some adventure before she buckles down at college. Yet her plans seem to derail a bit when she meets a fluffly haired boy who is everything she's not.

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Author's Note:

> So i wrote this for stancy week on tumblr and people seemed to really like it. So i just wanna see if people like it and if I should write more cause like i havent written in 3 years so maybe its time for a comback. Idk anyways pls leave ur comments and feedback id really appreciate it. And thanks for reading. ✌

She repeatedly told herself that she wouldn't do it. She couldn't stand the clicking of her shoes as she rushed down the slanting sidewalks. "This is the absolutely awful. *I'm not supposed to be here. "I'm not the kind of person for this".*

Nancy had been shuffling along by the many shops and over the many people, guitar cases, and art that littered the sidewalks. Her trip to San Fransisco had been to visit schools and get in some memorable experiences before buckling down. It was not meant to be spent singing and smoking with beatniks and hippies set up on street corners. Yet her curiosity and determination had turned on her for what seemed to be the worst. Each day as she rode up and down the San Fransisco streets in the cable cars, a specific face always caught her eye. Her parents had told her of these despicable, unrespectful, youths. The ones who revolted in the streets and on tv screens. That it was a tempting road to bad decisions and regret. Temporary feelings and satisfaction brought from doing drugs and breaking rules was exactly that, temporary. All the teenage hype would come back and bite her in the ass when the fads rolled over and she had to get her life straight. In all honestly it kind of scared her, yet she knew how to get her kicks.

This boy who was everything she had been warned about, the one who sat beneath the awning of a bookstore. A backpack, bus money and lighter his most prized possessions. He always had a smile for her. He'd throw a peace sign every so often and slowly waved as her cable car disappeared behind the hill. She had just gotten to her hotel

when she heard some other guests. chatting about a *"protest or demonstration or something out on hippie hill. That it was against the war, that LBJ should jail their commie asses".* She wondered if he was part of it. Did he grab a sign and join a walk? Was he the one keeping the chants going or fighting a cop? Or was he still sitting under that awning? It would be her better judgment that thankfully let her down, as she walked out the door and back toward the hill.

She was now just getting to the heart of it. Pushing her way past girls with feathers braided into their hair, and shirts bearly there. Boys who should be men burning draft cards and lighting cigarettes. But she didn't care, all she wanted was to find that guy. The one with the soft smile, that awfully fluffy mop of hair, the green jacket and the backpack. As it turned out he was still there. His efforts took a much more subdued approach, as he sat in the same spot, with a cardboard poster that simply stated. *Draft beers not boys.* She stood directly in front of him with a frustrated look on her face. Yet It didn't seem to phase him in the slightest. His response was a smile. Nancy wasn't quite sure of what to do, she held her hand out for a handshake, yet only for a moment as she realized that probably wasn't his style. "I'm Nancy Wheeler, it's… it's nice to meet you."